

चित्तधर 'हृदय'या **देगः**
ctadhar 'Hridaya's' **Paṅoda**



रवि शाक्य, इखाउँ, यल

देगः

PAGODA

कविकेशरी चित्तधर 'हृदय'

Kavikeshari Chittadhar 'Hridaya'

चित्तधर “हृदय”या

देगः

Chittadhar Hridaya's

Pagoda

(सिरपाः प्रतियोगिताय् मवनिगु)

अनुवादकर्षि :—

वैकुण्ठप्रसाद लाकौल

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पिकाःम्ह— चित्तधर 'हृदय'
३६१ नेत तुंछेँ, कान्तिपुर, नेपाल ।

Published by—Chittadhar 'Hridaya'
361 Neta Tunchhen, Kathmandu, Nepal.

निक्वगु संस्करण—ने. सं. १०६६
Second Edition—1976 A. D.
मू, ३।६०.
Price, Rs. 3/60.

थागु थाय्—श्री सरस्वती मुद्रणालय
१२/८९४, ठहिटी, क्वाबाहा, येँ ।

Printed at—SHREE SARASWATI MUDRANALAYA
12/894, Thahity, Kwabaha, Kathmandu.

तोलं

अय् पुवाचा, छन्हु न छन्हु ला छंगु पाः नं वइ तिनि ।
 खः बुँ गन वा गाक्क मवयाः, स्यन विचाः मदया दुगं ।
 अज्ज द्यामं खू मदुगुलिं हल त्यलाः नं करपिसं ।
 'सहन याय्गु सहस्र गुण खः' धैगु भाःपाः सहलपि,
 समयया मू स्यू भविष्यं, छंत नं माः वइ तिनि
 अय् पुवाचा, छन्हु न छन्हु ला छंगु पाः नं वइ तिनि ।

थःगु देशे दुगु कलाया मदुगुलिं संरक्षण
 कःमितय्सं करपिनिगुसां भिं खनाः थः नाः जुल,
 पुंतसें तोताः तुसाल्यगु फाः तयाः जू थें जुयाः
 छंगु ब्वीँ लः-धः मन्हधासा थ्वक्क नं न्याय्वं छु ज्वी ?

अय् पुवाचा, छन्हु न छन्हु ला छंगु पाः नं वइ तिनि ।

थःगु नेपाः-गीतया छुं मान मखनाः गायकं
 थःगु ऋतु ऋतुयागु म्ये, ग्वारा, चचा नं वांछ्वयाः
 ख्वय्सिबे जा भिं धका जक मेबया म्ये हाःजुलं
 थः बुँया द्यां, क्वाः व हे सा वांछ्वयां कू गय् छिनि ?

अय् पुवाचा, छन्हु न छन्हु ला छंगु पाः नं वइ तिनि ।

कवि व साहित्यिकपिसं साहित्यया गति पं खनाः
 पह हिहय् यानाः प्रशंसा मेबया साहित्यया
 भाय् व पह जक मखु विचाः नं न्यंक त्याय्काःजूगु थें
 ल्वय्क थःब्वीँ साः मफ्यूसा साः विदेशी गुलि निनि ?

अय् पुवाचा, छन्हु न छन्हु ला छंगु पाः नं वइ तिनि ।

नय् व त्वन्य मखनाः गनाः नं छं म्ह च्वंसां म्हासुसे
 सहलपाः म्वाना च्वं छ कुम्हाःयागु घच्चाः थें हिलाः
 शान्तिपुर चाय्काः सफू पित हःम्ह जोम्ह दया दुम्हं
 छन्हु सिन्हाज्या भीत नं लय्ताय्क न्याय्काः क्यनि तिनि,
 अय् पुवाचा, छन्हु न छन्हु ला छंगु पाः नं वइ तिनि ।

गुलि लिपा तिनि बूगु घाय् नं अमित जक सौसाः दयाः
 धदुदु तःमा जुल धका नं छं नुगः मुइकं मते,
 कवच पुन्य थें ज्यापु दार्जु लःकलः न्हयाना वयाः
 मात्तु मालाः अमित छपु छपु पूगु छं स्वय् दइ तिनि,
 अय् पुवाचा, छन्हु न छन्हु ला छंगु पाः नं वइ तिनि ।

छंगु जय हे थःगु भाःपाः ब्याक कःमित ब्वांवइ,
 चित्रकारं फाः तयाः मखु नितु तु सालाः खाः क्यनि,
 गीतकारं थःगु पहलं स्वर-‘सिन्हाज्या’ न्यंकइ,
 कविपिसं नं छंगु गुण्या ‘मंगलाःतः’ ब्वांवइ,
 अय् पुवाचा, छन्हु न छन्हु ला छंगु पाः नं वइ तिनि ।

भी दशा फवीवं ‘पुवाचा’ मखु छ ‘वामा’ हे जुयाः
 योम्ह मां नेपालया म्हे ल्वेक भिगु तिसा जुयाः
 थःगुली थःपिनिगु गौरव ताःगुलिं बान्धवपिसं
 मुसु कयाः जिमिसं छ मुसुमुसु न्हयगु नं स्वय् दइ निति,
 अय् पुवाचा, छन्हु न छन्हु ला छंगु पाः नं वइ तिनि ।

७७ दिल्ली पुन्ही

Entrance

O Seedling, a day will come when you will also get your
turn.

Yes, the field has dried without sufficient rain
And is doubly ruined for want of proper care.
Moreover, it is encroached upon by others
For want of embankments to mark its boundary.
Bear it, remembering the well known saying,
Endurance is equal to thousand virtues.
The future understands the value of time
And will surely come to look also for you.
O Seedling, a day will come when you will also get your
turn.

Because there hasn't been proper protection
Of the art that country possessed,
The artists and artisans are owning others' trades,
Feeling them better, though alien.
Like the painters giving up drawing lines
Go, owning the light-and-shade method,
If water channels in your field don't flow
What's the use of clouds, though thundering hard.
O Seedling, a day will come when you will also get your
turn.

The singer not seeing his Nēpali songs
Getting their honour due,
Has put aside his seasonal songs
And such music as Gwara¹ and Chacha,²
And is singing songs of others,
Just thinking 'tis better than weeping.
If the field has same size and embankment
How to work by discarding hoes !
O Seedling, a day will come when you will also get your
turn.

Finding that there were obstructions
On the march of our literature,
The poets and writers have been changing
Their ways and admiring others'
Just as the way they're completely burrowing
Not only style and language but idea as well.
If one doesn't make manure suited to one's fields,
How far good the foreign manure alone can be.
O Seedling, a day will come when you will also get your
turn.

Even if your body turns yellow
By drying for want of food and drink,
Endure and go on living,
Turning round as the potter's wheel.
Someone, kind and able as the one,
Who opened Shantipur and brought out the books,
Will one day show his ability
By letting us happily enjoy our transplanting ceremony.
O Seedling, a day will come when you will also get your
turn.

1. Gwara— A set of miscellaneous rhythms.
2. Chacha—A Mahayani Buddhist song.

Don't be jealous, if the weeds,
Though born much later, are shooting up,
And getting taller with manures
Which could only nourish them.
One day the brother farmer will come
Wearing Lakala¹ as armours on,
And will make a thorough search
And weed all of them off one by one.
O Seedling, a day will come when you will also get your
turn.

Realising that in your victory lies one's victory too,
All the artisans will run along.
The painters will give up light-and-shade
And show face by drawing a couple of lines.
The singer will then sing songs of triceplanting
In his own independent way.
The poets too will come to recite
The hymns of various merits of yours.
O Seedling, a day will come when you will also get your
turn.

As soon as our ill luck will pass
You will be rice-plant and not a seedling,
And will become a fine ornament.
Suited to the form of dear Mother Nepal.
Finding that our brothers too
Have taken pride of things we have.
We, with smile at our faces, will one day
See you smiling gently too.
O Seedling, a day will come when you will also get your
turn.

1. Lakala--A kind of sleeves made of bamboo, which are wore
to weed in the paddy field.

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- 1 Chyampati—A stone-fruit with a bitter taste tapered at one side to rotate as a top.
- 2 Situ—Durba grass which is offered to deity as flowers.
- 3 Sinhay Swan—A flowerless plant, the leaves of which are used in worshipping.

Foreword.

Kavi Keshari Chittadhar 'Hridaya' holds a very high position in the field of Nepal Bhasa literature. With his simple but appealing language he has won the heart of many Nepalese. Although the credit of the fact that inspite of various drawbacks and most tiring ordeals Nepal Bhasa has yet remained strong and has now maintained a position amid important languages of the country, goes to many immortal workers who despite their unfavourable situation of the time kept on pushing this language to the front, among the living ones, Chittadhar is also one entitled to get a greater share of it.

It is, therefore, a great pleasure to me to be able to put before the English speaking people a few of his recent poems. However before taking the readers suddenly to the subject matter of his poems it will be worthwhile to utilize this space in giving a short account of his service to the literature. This seems necessary not only because he has done much to enrich the Nepal Bhasa literature by every possible means but also because it will serve as a very helpful background to the study of his poems.

Chittadhar was born at the time when the Newars were trying to revive their much suppressed language. His father, Shri Drabyadhar had possessed a very good collection of old manuscripts and printed books as almost all the middle class Nepalese have. Moreover, he was related to the poet, Yogbeer Singh, who also spent his life in rendering yeoman service to this his mother language. Young Chittadhar received part of his education from the poet. An indelible print is left in the young mind of the young man and made him regard the poet as his teacher. Thus his love for the language which he had inherited from his illustrious father, was still more strengthened with the

torch of learning he got from his teacher, with which he peered into the vast resources of Nepal Bhasa and to his great joy he discovered the tremendous potentialities of this language which had developed its own rich literature centuries ago and had got the privilege of being the State language for centuries. It was not a communal dogmatism but a selfless love for his promising and powerful language, possessing culture, unrivalled in the whole of Himalaya region if not of Asia, behind it.

He determined to follow the foot-steps of his teacher and some other great men who were serving the language in their own way. At that time the great poet Siddhi Dass Amatya, well-known as a pillar of Nepal Bhasa literature had by his inborn genius been successful to link his age with the past glorious tradition. Chittadhar's first poem was published when he was about 20 years old in a Nepal Bhasa Journal, "Buddha Dharma Patrika" published from Calcutta. This journal had brought joy to the Nepal Bhasa speaking populace specially because together with its interesting contents it informed them the birth of new workers and fighters determined to give new life to the much discouraged and suppressed Nepal Bhasa. Through this very journal Baikuntha Prasad Lacoul had just introduced romanticism in the western style into the literature.

It need not be pointed out here the condition of the language before the conquest of the Nepal Valley by the Shahas of Gorkha in 1768. It was the state language spoken and patronised by the kings and the chiefs of officials of the country. Particularly during the whole of the Malla period beginning from the 15th Century the Nepal Bhasa enriched itself with vast literature of every description. Ill days of the language, however, did not begin with the rise of the Shaha Kings. It was not despised by them and was used in documents concerning the treaty with Lhasa (Tibet) in the year 1775. Rana Bahadur and Rajendra

Bikram, the following Shaha kings were great patrons of Nepal Bhasa and the latter is even known to have written a beautiful drama (महासत्त्वोपाख्यान) Maha Sattwopakhyan which was recently enacted in parts under the auspices of (नासः खलः) Nasaw Khalaw a cultural association. At the same time although a new language (then known as Gorkha Bhasa) was used as the court language, the Nepal Bhasa could still be used in business transactions and other legal documents. But soon after the Ranas came into power the Govt. policy towards the language took a very unfavourable turn, and in 1905, it was declared illegal for such transaction also. Yet, these writers did not lose their heart and were silently working underground. These people had to suffer maltreatment from the then Government.

In 1925, Yogbeer Singh, the celebrated teacher of Chittadhar published a few poems in Nepal Bhasa. For this 'unpardonable crime,' both the author and the publisher were fined Rs.10 each. In 1933, all the Nepal Bhasa writers were formally assembled in the Prime Minister Juddha's lodge and were warned not to write books in that language. They were also told that if they did, the Government would be compelled to punish them severely.

This was a great blow upon this growing enthusiasm of the writers and publishers in Nepal Bhasa. Most of the writers did not dare disobey this command and began to pack their pens and pencils. Some of them, however, turned their genius in writing books in Nepali and soon many books were added to enrich the Nepali literature. But there were still some brave and undaunted men like Fateh Bahadur Singh and the company left who stuck on to their own language. Ordinary cloth shops become literary societies where the writers expressed their feelings and sentiments. Literary meetings were held under the religious screens. Even such secret meetings were detected and the copies in which their poems were written were confiscated.

In such a critical time Fateh Bahadur compiled and published 'Nepali Vihar' a collection of poems, ancient and modern, in the language, which was naturally taken as a work of great challenge.

The Government authorities devised curious methods of assigning political colour to the language and religion in the country. As a consequence, in 1940, Fateh Bahadur, Siddhi Charan, a contributor to the collection and others were arrested along with all the free loving youths in suspicions of conspiracy against the government. Fateh Bahadur was sentenced life-imprisonment and Siddhi Charan twelve years. Chittadhar had to run away from one place to another to escape the prison where he thought he would not be able to serve the language properly. He was, however arrested late and jailed for six years. There also he got the same inspiration from his teacher as usual. A sweeper, Rammaya by name, one morning, brought him a message from "Vidyavatee's father" viz.-Yogbeer Singh-that he should not be cowed down thus and on the contrary he should work for the language with doubled vigour within the prison walls. These encouraging tones from his master were never forgotten by the poet and began to spend his lonely hours in writing. But unfortunately his celebrated preceptor did not live long to see his instructions fulfilled. Chittadhar had in the darkness of the dungeon, completed the greatest epic Sugat Saurabh (सुगत सौरभ) depicting the life of Buddha in the most pleasing style on the background of Nepalese culture. In addition to this great work, he wrote some other books in prison and thus inspired other fellow writer-prisoners to follow his noble example. As a result, when they were set free in 1946, each of them came out with two or three books in manuscript forms.

Later, with a little conciliatory policy of the new Prime Minister, Padma a separate section to censor the books in Nepal Bhasa also was added to Publication Censor Board known as Nepali Bhasa Prakashini Samiti. New books in the Nepal

Bhasa began to pour in and the section was overbusy. The burden of the section was however, completely, removed by the enforcement of the Press Act following democracy in 1951.

In the meantime, with the noble initiation and admirable effort of Chittadhar the Nepal Bhasa Parishad was born in order to encourage the writers by publishing their works and thus help a rapid growth of literature. Within a year the Parishad was able to start a magazine "Nepal" published two-monthly. Any writer, any Nepal Bhasa knowing person, any contributor to the magazine will never forget the enthusiasm of the poet in collecting, correcting, revising each and every article from writer to writer, personally and distributing the journal to the contributors. For the smooth running of the Parishad he even sold his lands and property. In order to encourage the new writers he published their books and wrote forewords for them. He did not care what he spent for the language. Thus, as we say, he offered his tana, mana, dhana (body, mind and property) for the service of the language and literature. For this great enthusiasm and sacrifice of Chittadhar, Siddhi Charan, another renowned poet and critic has observed, "Truely he is not just an individual, he is the institution of language itself."

Apart from his poetical works, Chittadhar is also well known as an impartial critic and well versed story writer. But whatever he writes he writes with a patriotic spirit and cultural pride. He is proud of the Newar culture and is glad when he finds it being regarded by others and naturally feels sorry when disregarded. He is proud of the pagoda, the independent Nepalese style of architecture, of Kailashkutbhavan, the much admired palace of Amsu Varma; of the Socio-religious dances of Newars and seasonal and classical music which have contributed to the allied art in China and Tibet. He feels proud to mention the name of Bhrikuti, the Nepalese princess who

converted Tibet to Buddhism; and Arniko who contributed the Nepalese architecture to Tibet and China which later spread to the various countries of the South-East Asia. This regard for the tradition, the wonderful part of the nation, is reflected upon his writings whether in prose or poetry. Thus he has embalmed in his works the current tastes, creeds, hopes and sympathies of the present times. In him the exigencies of time have found their best spokesman. He has spoken for the Newar conscience of the present times. This is also one of the reasons why he is so popular a writer of the modern age.

Thus in the present selection of his poems almost all of them express in one or other way the same pride of the greatness of Nepal Bhasa, its literature and cultural heritage, as well as a tinge of sorrow for the hatred of some people towards such great a culture and language. He does not want that such a rich and distinctive civilisation as Nepal have been possessing for centuries should be lost or in any way adversely influenced by any culture from without.

The poem entitled "Entrance" which is included as the poet's foreword to the selection alone is sufficient to show the innermost feeling of the poet's mind. Here he has likened the seedling to culture with its components of literature, language and art. Although he is sorry to see the present plight of the language, literature, dance, music, painting etc, he is very much hopeful of the future and he adds an optimistic note to the refrain. "O, Seedling, a day will come when you will also have your turn." Here we find the ray of hope still beaming in his heart.

Most of his poems are, however, allegorical, although once one becomes aware of the allegory the language becomes quite simple and fluent while the whole picture begins to unfold itself very clearly. A few hints, therefore, have been appended towards the end of the book to enable the readers to understand

the poems and thus share the poet's joy and sorrow.

The study of these poems, as any other writings of Chittadhar, will clearly show that apart from his patriotic feelings about the country and immense love for its literature and culture, he also possesses excellent poetic qualities which prove him to be a well versed artist as well. His excellent power of minute observation is clearly reflected in his vital and complete painting of nature. It is all the more experienced when he chooses similes and metaphors which are mostly individual and personal, look most picturesque, apt and elaborate in his poems. As exquisite precision in the use of words and phrases and yet simplicity and fluency of language is the keynote of all his poems. The expressive harmonies of his rhythm and the subtle melody of his diction exhibited in his poems lent still greater charm to his poetry.

Lastly a few words about the translation itself. It is, perhaps, my impertinence to choose such a popular poet as Chittadhar for my first work of translation. I am not sure how far I have been successful but, admittedly, I feel that some of the words and expressions which sounded very musical and possessed excellent qualities in original have hardly possessed the same in translation. There were many such words for which any exact equivalent was hard to find. For instance, in "Remembrance" there is a word "ऊवा ज्वी" in the original. The best word in English, which, to my knowledge carried a meaning nearest to it was "to wither." Really speaking, any person who knows both the languages will realise that the word in Nepal Bhasa has a meaning slightly more than what its above English equivalent conveys. Such difficulties were encountered at many other places.

The same was the case with the puns that the poet has used at times. In "The Lotus Bud" there are the puns "साः" and "पयोधर" The former means either "navel cord" or "manure"

whereas the latter means either “female breast” or “cloud.” Both the meanings of each of the above words can be equally used in the context of the poem without disturbing the central idea of the poem. It is regretted that the readers do not get any chance to rejoice in the poet’s interesting puns. And at the same time it is not only a matter of words and phrases, but also the ideas expressed by them. I have, however, attempted to give to the readers the nearest possible meaning of what the poet wants to tell in his poems. Furthermore, a word-by-word translation was not only impossible but also quite undesirable because of the vast difference between the cultures belonging to two languages—Nepal Bhasa and English. That is also why I found it justifiable to add some notes to the end of the book.

It is therefore my request that my inability of rendering the poet’s language into English should not give the readers an impression as the poet’s weakness or failure in choice of words. It is only the quite well known difficulty one encounters in translation. It is after all an undisputed act that there shall be some expressions in one language that can never be correctly and completely translated into another language.

To conclude, I want to thank the poet himself for lending me his valuable time whenever I needed his help to understand the exact meaning of some of his expressions. Last but not least, I must admit my indebtedness to Shree Madhava Lall Karma-charya and Shree Baikuntha Prasad Lacoul both well known veterans of this language and themselves good poets without the suggestions and guides of whom this venture of mine would have remained unfinished. Thus I close my lines with due regards to both these gentlemen.

Kathmandu
9 April 1958.

Upendra Man Malla



पल्यस्वांया मुखू

७१ पाहांचःरे

(‘थौंकन्हे’ १।१)

मां, छ खः न्हां स्नेहया लः जायूक दुगु निर्मल पुखू,
छं पुता खः छंगु साले ह्वःगु पल्यस्वांया मुखू ।
मां, पयोधर-रस त्वनाः तःधी जुयाः जिं निश्चय
सूर्य गुरुया क्काःगु मन्त्रं हृदय जिगु क्काकातय ।

भति लिपा जिमि वायु-पासा नं जिनाप म्हितःवइ,
जिमि निम्हेस्या ख्याः खनाः सन्ध्यां तमं चा लिथु हइ,
जायू मसःगु अपिं छु यायू ज्यू सूर्य बौया म्हेयायू जुयां ।
चां पलाः जक तयव ला सन्ध्या चिला वनि कनि जुयाः ।

ख्यूक नं भति भति मुनाः वायुं सुगन्ध ज्वना वनाः
विश्वयात अवश्य बीतिनि छंगु नं मां ! नां कनाः ।

A Lotus Bud

Mother, thou art the pool full of attfection serene.
I am thy child, a lotus-bud,a shoot of thy womd.
Suckling the clouds,O mother, grown up I shall be,
And certainly keep my heart warm with the warm
 precept of Sun.

Shortly the Breeze, my mate, will come to frolic with me
At merriments the Evening in fury will bring in the
night her co-mate;
Alas, to co-live as they can't though daughters of Sun.
The Eve flies blind-founded when the Night steps in.

In darkness too, the Breeze some fragrance will hold,
And thy fame, mother, to all the world will spread.

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प्रगति

७१ तच्छला

वेँया मन गुलि ब्वां ब्वां वनिगु
नाना भावे हिलाः हिलाः
पलख मच्चं थातं छुं विषये
ध्व हे प्रगति मीसं धाय ला ?

वन्यत थँ न्ह्याना च्वन खः मेघ,
क्वे क्वे न्ह्याना च्वंगु खुसि,
सुपाँय् च्वापुगुं, खुसि फुक जलधिं
पुला मवंसां गति धाय ला ?

Progress

How fast the lunatic's mind does fly
Everchanging in varied forms,
Never stops for a moment for aught
May we call it a progress ?

The cloud indeed is soaring high,
The river flowing down and down;
If the snowpeak passed not over and the ocean not
yet crossed,
May we call it a progress ?

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गृहस्थ जीवन तोताः न्हूगु
भिधु जीवने वजक वनां
अन नं जीवन अय् हे जूसा
वैत प्रगति भीसं धाय् ला ?

चलाख धाय्काः नाना चाल
यानाः ज्वीफुम्ह कोयात
लानाः ख्येँ हिलि कोकिल छत्तुं
ध्व नं प्रगति भीसं धाय् ला ?

थन ध्यन, धुलि दनि छुं सी मदुगु
तःगो तुंगः चाःहिल्य थें
पूर्वे वंसा पश्चिम ज्वीगु
पृथिवी हिल्यगु प्रगति खः ला ?

सर्गः थी थें पंचो जाःगु
च्चापुं दायाः क्कच्छ्वी थें
जरा पाचिनाः धुसि धुसि ल्वीगु
यौवनयात प्रगति धाय् ला ?

अथवा दकले व्वाय् फुम्ह पक्षी
गरुडयात नं छख्यर तयाः
महिक न्हयानाः माःथाय् थ्यंसा
इमू पलाः प्रगती लाः ला ?

Giving up a life mundane
Only to enter into beggarly one
If life is still the same,
May we call it a progress ?

Deceiving the raven well-known clever
Able to act in all round ways
If cuckoo's wit changes the eggs
May we call it a progress ?

Just as turning round the well,
Which does not mark its end,
If going east one reaches west,
Is to go round earth a progress?

Just like a cave shooting up as if to touch the sky
Bends low by the fall of snow
If one bows low by the embrace of age,
Can youth be called a progress?

Or keeping aside the Garuda too
The swiftest flying bird of all
If one going on reaches the goal
Can an ant's step be taken as a progress?

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७२ तछला गाः ३० (‘नेपाल’ १।३ अंक)

दनाः जुया लेँ गुगु बखते जि
उगु बखते सुं दंगु मखु,
लेँ ज्वीत धका पासा थ्वःसा
नापं सुं हे वःगु मखु ।

याकः जि वना करपिनि पुचले,
ल्वेकाः ज्वीमाः अमि नाप,
दुध्य फुध्य यानाः भति भति मुंकाः
अमित क्यना ढाँक-रवाफ ।

River

No one woke up when I awoke
And walked on my way;
None accompanied me when I wanted
A friend to travel with.

I went alone to foreign groups,
And had to reconcile with them;
Gleaning piece-meal and working within
Dignity I did maintain.

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पुखुलि कुन्य मफु जिगु गतिथात,
न पर्वतं हे तय्फु पनाः,
थःत्व खना जिगु सकलें ग्यानाः
हय्काय् मफयाः च्वनि लिचिलाः ।

आः तिनि छम्ह निम्ह मानव धाःपिं
जोशे वल होश मगाःसां,
प्रगतिशीलता माःजुल अमिसं
ल्वहँते वा वृत्ते लाःसां ।

जगया नाना दुःखं यानाः
मानव लोके च्वन्य मफयाः
जिगु लँ जुल हँ आः 'वाद पलायन'
जि नाप लँ लिनाः वय् मसयाः ।

थ्यनिन थ्यनिन आः जिमि प्रिय सागर
जिं ला खन, हुंकन खं ला !
गज्याःगु वडवानल घाना नं
प्रशान्त ज्वीफुम्ह धीर व ला ।

थ्यन्यव न्हिलाः वं विश्रान्ति बियाः
मत्यना यानाः तइगु जितः ।
वन्य त्यल अन हे पीका तय् छाय्
ग्याफर धाःसां धाय् ब्यु जितः !

Ponds cannot check my pace,
Nor rocks can block my ways;
At the sight of mine own self
Stand back all in dismay.

Only then some so-called men
Have rushed forward though wanting sense;
They are in search of progress
Everywhere, in trees and stones.

Consequent to the worldly troubles,
Unable to live in human world,
My path's ascribed 'Escapism'
By those unable to follow me.

Lo ! I am reaching my ocean, dear,
There it is, I have seen him clear.
Aquatic fire though great is there
So calm and quiet he doth appear.

When I reach him he smiles with love
And keeps me in all comforts.
Let me go there, why keep him anxious,
Care I don't if called not bold.

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लुम्बिनीया सः

‘धर्मोदय’ ६।२

युगयुग तक् महिक तप यानाः
जगते जो मदु रत्न छगः
बी धुन, हानं उकी तनाः नं
वं बिल मखुला मेगु निगः ?

थुकथं सकतां दय् धुंकाः नं
हानं आशा मेगु छुया ?
गुण धौगु छको जक याय् फौगु
जा-क्यँ लिम्बा थें दैमखु न्हं

Lumbini Speaks

For ages after incessant penance
I've given a jewel matchless to the world.
In his turn, has he not too
Added two more to what you had ?

Thus having had all
What more do you expect ?
Only once can good be done,
As food it cannot be asked again.

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केवल खुदँचा वैत लहयूहं
गुलित कया चवन सम्मान,
गज्यागु देगः गज्यागु मत-जः
आः नं अन दैतिनि ज्ञान ।

निर्वाण-पुरे छवत धका वं
न्हयाकुगु गन खः धर्म-रथ
अन नं कृतज्ञ जनपि जानाः
कृतज्ञताया कयन चित्र ।

छिमिसं हे वं धाःगु खँ मथुयाः
तोता छवत, थन गनाः मतः,
अन नं वयागु विशाल मूर्ति
'बूपिं सीमाः' धया चवन ।

ब्रह्मां बँपुकाः भिचुं लिचकाः
छको जितः वं स्वःवल नं
भक्ति कयनाः छिमिसं लित यंकाः
हयू धुनला गबले हानं ?

अननसिं जिगु दुर्गति जुल सो
कृतघ्न जगया दुर्नीतिं,
पशुतां त्येकं आःतक म्वाःम्ह
जिगु महत्व आःखुनु थ्वीकि ।

How much honour she commands
Who cared for only six years.
What a shrine and what a flame ! -
Light may still be there !

Wherefrom he started the chariot of duty
To lead to the abode of Nirvan.
There too the people in gratitude
Displayed the picture in memoirs.

Unable to understand his words
You did let him go his way,
There still his colossal figure
Speaks "Birth is followed by Death".

Though he came to see me once
With Bhikkshus following, Brahma brooming,
You took him back by devotion.
Have you brought him ever again ?

Since then began my miseries
By folly of the ungrateful world.
Pressed by brutality I'm yet alive
My importance now realise.

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चः लि !

(‘नेपाल’ ३।४)

चःलि, जितः छं थुलि खँ कना ब्यु
छाय् छ छथासं मच्चनागु ?
त्यानु मजूला, काया स्वान्हें
थाहाँ क्वाहाँ छाय् ज्वीगु ?

गबलें अःखः गबलें न्ह्योखः
घडि घडि च्वय् क्वय् ज्वी माय्क
सो, जिमि जीवन थय्याः क्वय्याः थें
याना तल पचिनं छन्त !

गबलें नायो, गबलें छायो,
गबलें तुती नँया पायो,
गबलें ला जिमि मन्त्री धाय्काः
कलाःयात बीमाः तायो ।

अय् हे छं नं स्वीत छु बीमाः
छाय् छ जुया व पचिया च्यो ?

Yo-Yo

Flying Wheel ! tell me why you do not stick to one
place ?

Why do you run up and down the stairs of thread ?

Do you never feel tired ?

Now backward, now forward,

Up and down in a moment's interval,

A mere finger has made you act

High and low as in our life.

Sometimes a leader, sometimes a fortune teller,

Sometimes a prisoner.

And sometimes a minister,

We have but to give ornaments to our consort.

But likewise what have you to give, and to whom—

And why did you become the slave of the finger ?

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टी० बी०

७४ दिल्लीगाः १२

‘टी० बी०’ जितः थिल, थीवं वायूहल
‘स्वास्थ्यनिवासे’ दच्छि न्हथवः,
गुलि गुलि आशा, गुलि अभिलाषा—
घानाः जि वया गुलि बः बः ।

लाइ जि निश्चय थनया वायुं
निभाः छता नं थी माक्व,
नयू-ती, प्रियया प्रेम दया नं
छे थें थन स्यनिमखु स्वास्थ्य ।

T. B.

I suffered from T. B. and was removed
To the Sanitorium a year before.
With many a hope and many a desire
In layers I came here.

Come round I will with air around,
The sun will shine full well.
Food and dress and his love at home
My health deferred which here prospers.

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थनया पासापि सकलें हे
जिगु हे जोपि जक सीकि,
थःथिति वा डाक्टर, वैद्यं थें
जितः मयाः अय् थन-‘थी थी’ ।

डाक्टर भि थन, पासापि नं
वासः छाया माः, लः-फय् निं,
अय् नं ‘छु छता’ मदयाः थें मस्यु
नुगले भतिचा मझिं मझिं ।

नयाः त्वनाः पासापि नापं
ख्याः-खी यानाः गिहता जुया,
अय् नं छाया छाया जिगु जीवनया
गति छेँ थें चूलाक मन्हयाः ।

गबलें लुमनिगु छेँ च्वंम्ह मचा,
गबलें प्रियया प्रेम-ग्यसु,
गबलें थः हे ‘पापी रोगी’
धैगु थ्व तापं वः वीँसू ।

अज्याबले जिं न्यना छगू खँ—
चिक नुगः हे जिगु मिक—
म्हगसे नापं न्यने मयोगु—
‘लिथुया भाःत जुल हँ वयकः !’

All the friends that have I here
Know they are just like myself.
My touch they fear not as do at home
The kindred, doctors, and nurse.

Doctors here good, friends in mood,
No need of drugs, the climate is good.
Yet lacks "Something", I know not what,
Pinches somewhat at heart.

Taking my meals with fellow patients
I pass my time in merry making.
I know not why even then my life
Flows not so smooth as at home.

The child at home I re'mber this time
And 'gain the dear one's love.
With pain to think : "I wretched patient".
Often feats of madness I suffer.

Surprised to hear at that moment
A piece of heart-rending news—
Which dreams even will loath to hear—
That he wedded the second.

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केतकिस्वां वुखँ

७४ असंचालं

अय् फय्, अय् फय्, जिगु खँ यनाव्यु
गन दु व भंबः गुण स्यूम्ह,
थन ला कं-भाः, स्यूपिं मदु सुं,
अथें जि सिन्तिं भवाः ज्वीन।

थन दुगु स्यूसा, नँ ताःगु जूसा
वय् धुंकल ज्वी जिगु प्रेमं,
'केतकि स्वांया नँ ताय्व भंबः
व्वांवइ' थ्व खँ स्यू सकस्यानं।

Message of the Agave

Breeze ! O Breeze ! my message bear
Where the grateful bee is there.
Thorns and shrubs here are, that's all.
No one does know I fade for naught.

For love of mine he might have come
If only knows and smells me here.
Known to all—'The bee will rush
At the scent of flower agave'.

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काल जुया वल—चाला अःखः
विज्ञापनया ध्व जमाना,
मामं याः थें हित याय् माःम्ह
'शिक्षा' नं काय्माः न्यानाः ।

विज्ञापनया चक्रे लानाः
उखुनु छको खंला लाःगु,
छुं नँ दया नं बांवांलाःगु
सीस्वाने भंवः जूगु ।

महिक हाइगु मांया दुरु नं
ख्वय्फुम्हस्यां तिनि त्वनि गाक्क,
बिन्ति उकिं छुं वैत कनाब्यु
जिगु थ्व अवस्था बांलाक ।

बिन्ति बिन्ति छुं थ्व नं कनाब्यु
जितः थिया थें वैत थियाः—
“भंगः पंत्तीं जिगु गुण ल्हाःसां
अमिके माया जिं मतया ।

माया या वा लोमंका छ्व
मखु स्वीतं जीवन लःल्हाय्,
बरु जि गना वनि, हाया भवाः ज्वी
'भंवः भंवः' जप यायां ।”

Time has changed, manners reversed,
'Tis the age of advertisements,
Even education, which should benefit
Just like a mother, is to be paid.

You know one day in snares
Of adverstements he was deceived.
The wax- flower made the bee perched on
Smelling a little and looking so pretty.

Mother's breast oozing ceaseless
Sucks the one crying the best.
Pray therefore explain to him
The plight of mine, in full good words.

Tell him O please I pray you so
Touching his form as you did mine,
Though the birds sing my praises
No attachment I lodge in them.

I may be loved or got forgotten
Surrender my life I shall to none
Wither I will or fade and fall
Uttering 'my bee, my bee'.

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थक्करगाःया च्यांपतिलिसे

७५ थिंलादिशि

‘नेपाल’ ३।६

अय् च्यांपति, छिमि थक्करगाले
धिंधिबःलाः छाय् आय्गु ?
छिमि निम्ह ल्वाकाः खंला कर्पिं
इतिइति न्हय् न्हय् लय्ताःगु !

To the Chyampati in a Cock-pit

Why do you collide O chyampati !
With one another in that fighting pit ?
Do you mark others chuckling
By making you to fight ?

‘सेरा, सेरा’ नां तल अमिसं
ज्येक छिमित हे चुत्तु चुलाः,
थक्करगाले यंकाः ‘बुज्जर’
तोतल नं म्हाः धाय् मकु ला ?

पित्तु पिथाः चुप्पा भति नय्वं
ल्यूनें घ्वाय्वं अमि पचिनं
थःपिं भोभोसुक दय्माःसां
कर्पिं न्हीकाः गय् लुदन ?

लबः कया च्वन अमिसं न्हि न्हि
छिमिगु व श्रमया मू गन तः ?
स्वःथन खंला तप्पाःगु म्हिचाय्
धन थें याना नं छिमित ।

थः गौरव छु दु, छिमि लोमन ला ?
थःने, कोने नं मदुगु,
थःगु शक्ति गुलि सीकुगु जूसा
सिमा जुयाः फल बीफइगु ।

लाःनि लाःनि न्है आःतक लाःनि
भाःपि, सीकि थः शक्ति अपार,
मिँया पुसां थें सिया पुसां नं
चीपु जुया नं याय्फु प्रसार ।

“Champion”—they declared you
Whetting your bottom hard.
Why don’t you refuse when
You in the pit so pawned ?

Caressed and kissed a little
And pushed by thumbs behind
When others laugh how could you content
By tumbling and falling behind ?

Profitting they are day by day.
When do they value your efforts ?
Do you see, in the purse so big
As goods of the rs they pocket you ?

Do you forget the glory of yours
Found nowhere in North and South ?
If you could have realised your worth
You could have been a fruitful tree.

Still more time, and cautious be,
Vast energy, know, yon bear,
The seed of a fruit like a spark,
Tiny though, can over spread.

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सितु व सिन्हाय्स्वां

५५ जनवरी २६ (‘धर्मोदय’ ९।५ अंक)

मूर्ख मनूतय् गज्यागु चाला !
अज्ज सिन्हाय्स्वां, मीत मथूनी,
मानव-हृदये भाव मजाःनि ।
न्हुत्तु न्हुयातल म्वाल जितः ला,
छन्त छु खँय् थुलि याय्लो हेला ?
मूर्ख मनूतय् गज्यागु चाला !

मखमल थं बैय् नाइक लायाः
स्वागत याय् गुलि अमित थ्व मायां
छं नं अमित किचः ब्यू ताल्लां,
हरे छन्त हे बीत्यन पालाः !
मूर्ख मनूतय् जज्यागु चाला !

सितु व सिन्हाय्स्वां मदुसा जगतय्
ल्यनि मखु पासा, धर्म मनूतय् ,
आः निन्हु स्वांया ज्जीवं मेला
शिशिरं स्वां फुक न्हना मवनि ला ?
मूर्ख मनूतय् गज्यागु चाला !

Situ and Sinhay Swan

Strange are the ways of foolish men !
As yet, Sinhay Swan they haven't understood us,
Clear idea hasn't filled the human heart,
Let them tread and walk over me.
But why you are so much insulted !

Strange are the ways of foolish men !

Spreading soft like velvet on the floor
How much to welcome them with love and affection,
You too cast shade in summer.
But, alas, they are going to chop you down.

Strange are the ways of foolish men !

Had there been no Situ and Sinhay Swan in the world,
There would be no human ethics and religion.
There being a fair of flowers for these few days,
Will not all these fade and fall in winter ?

Strange are the ways of foolish men !

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लखय् च्वना नं लः लुममंम्ह,
कतिलाःपाकः पल्यस्वां धाःम्ह,
ध्याचः-मां वं गबलें नाः ला ?
उम्ह पल्यस्वां हे अमि यो खंला,
मूर्ख मनूतय् गज्यागु चाला !

स्वां गुगु हः गुगु सी हे मदुम्ह
स्वां जूसां छथो जन्म मल्हंम्ह
कल्किस्वां हँ नां वयागु स्यू ला,
योम्ह कलाःया पह स्वय् लाः ला ?
मूर्ख मनूतय् गज्यागु चाला !

छं किचलं हे ब्वलना च्वंम्ह
कं जक दःसां ख्वाः बांलाःम्ह
गुलाफ स्वांया हथाउँगु अय्लाः
भति त्वन्य दय्वं भाःप्य मफय् ला ?
मूर्ख मनूतय् गज्यागु चाला !

अनेक बनया नां मदु स्वां नं
सिन्हाय् व सितुया संगत दय्वं
द्योपिनिगु सिलय् च्वंवल खं ला,
'व छु स्वां !' ध्व खँ आः अमित लुमं ला ?
मूर्ख मनूतय् गज्यागु चाला !

'असहयोग या भीसं थत्थें
सृष्टि-क्रमे प्रकृतिं दइ तालं'
धौगु अमित चेतावनि बी वा,
शुकिं अमिगु बुद्धि लिहाँ वइ ला ?
मूर्ख मनूतय् गज्यागु चाला !

Unmindful of water, though living on it,
Self contained, the lotus by name,
Does it ever own the mud its mother ?
And yet, do you know they like the lotus.

Strange are the ways of foolish men !

The one in which are not distinct the flower and leaves,
And which, though a flower, never raises its head,
You know, is called the crest flower.

Will anybody have time to mark the manners of a dear
wife ?

Strange are the ways of foolish men !

Brought up under your shade,
Full of thorns yet with pretty face,
When one gets a little wine of such a rose to sip,
Is it proper for the one to be intoxicated ?

Strange are the ways of foolish men !

Many a nameless flower of the woods,
Being in company of the Situ and Sinhay Swan,
Do you see them on heads of gods,
Do they now remember what flowers are there ?

Strange are the ways of foolish men !

Let us go and give them warning,
"If we launch noon-cooperation,
Nature will close the creation."
Let's see if it brings back their wisdom.

Strange are the ways of foolish men !

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“स्मृति”

७५ चिल्लाथो ११ चान्हे (‘नेपाल’ ४१९ अंक)

जिगु जीवन प्रिय, जीवन यायूत
वःम्ह छ खः न्हां उषा जुयाः,
जिगु जीवनया शुद्ध न्हिने हे
थौं छाया सन्ध्या हयूत स्वया ?

जीवन दनि प्रिय, इच्छा फिदुगं,
त्वयूकि निभाः प्रिय, प्रीति हलाः,
जिगु जीवनया शून्य उम्माने
धात्यें हे छ छु हयू मुखला ?

Remembrance

To make my life a lively one
Darling, sure, you came as dawn.
Just at the midday of my life
Why do you try to thrust the dusk ?

My life is there, desire tenfold,
Effulge, my darling, lustre of love,
In lonely bower of this my life,
Won't you surely bloom in full ?

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चस्स्वां छप्पलं प्यत न्यं मखुला
जिगु जीवन नं न्यंकि अथे,
बरु जिगु जीवनया गति दीवं
मल्यंक सकतां यंकि अले ।

छ आमकन हे सित्ति भवाः ज्जी
'क्षण क्षण' थन जिगु जीवन फवी,
फवीगु ख हे खत जीवन धौगु
नाप हनाः प्रिय, फुकां छु ज्जी ?

न्हि फुनाः सन्ध्या, सन्ध्यायां चा
जूसां दु उकी दुने उषा,
मुखुलिं स्वां ह्मइ, स्वां नं भवाः जुइ,
अय्सां च्वनि तिनि ल्यनाः पुसा ।

उकिं निम्हं म्मी नाप च्वने वा
सुख-दुख नं मंकाः यानाः,
वनेबले नं नापं यंके
सुंक छन्त 'हृदये' घानाः ।

छ धौम्ह नं ला 'स्मृति' हे जक खः
'स्मृति' हे यानाः यनेबले
सुया छु ताकत म्मी निम्ह फाय्गु,
विजय मजू ला म्मीगु अले ?

A light illumines the storey fourth,
Do pervade my life likewise.
Just when stops my force of life,
Take one and all with nothing left.

Wither you will for nothing there,
By moments flies this my life here,
End it shall--this life at last,
What is the harm if together we end ?

Day in dusk and dusk in night,—
May they end; the dawn is inside.
Blossoms the bud, fades the flower,
The seed will live for ever there.

Come and let us live together
Sharing weal and woe of both.
I shall take you along with me
Keeping in heart, when I depart.

Nothing but remembrance you are
As the same when I take you;
What power on earth can part us then ?
Will not be victory ours then.

P
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न्हू-कयब

७५ चउला थो ६ (‘नेपाल’ ४।२ अंक)

छु च्वय् प्रिये, कविता नं आः ला
गुक्रिया जगतं मूल्य मस्यू,
खःगु, जूगु छु सत्य खँ कंसा
‘बाथः-खँ’ धका सिबाय् मथू।

माया, ममता, आशां जाःगु
‘हृदय’-पिला नं उला कयना,
सत्य मसुचुका लय्ता, तं नं
अय् हे मनयागु वेदना

A New Garden

No use of writing poems now, dear,
The value of which the world knows not.
When told the fact as it is so
More than the fable they never take.

I opened wide the box of heart
Full of affection, love and hope;
I did not conceal by my troth
Anger, joy and pangs of heart.

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वइ पाठक वा आलोचकपि
भाव-समुद्रे दुने धका,
स्थिंस्थिं भति चाःचाःहिलिगु,
थुलि अमिगु ज्या सिधल मखाः !

अमित छु धाय् जि, अभि नं लिमलाः
गय् खः अय् सीका ज्वीत,
अनेक चिन्तां शरीर जक मखु
मन नं च्याका जूपिन्त !

उकिं प्रिये, वा, मी निम्ह जानाः
न्हूगु छगू क्यबचा दय्के,
दुख सुख न्ह्यागुं सह याय् माःसां
सह यानाः थन स्वां ह्वय्के ।

ख्वय्गु दिनाः सां पलख न्हिलाः मी
लय्ताया फल नं सय्के,
मीत थुलित थ्वीके मफुपिनिगु
मसंक वंक मिखा चाय्के ।

जगते मी थें जाःपि दःसा
जुग जुग तक नं अभि नुगले
प्रेम प्रकृतिया स्मृति-पौभाः थें
थिना मच्चनि ला प्रिये, अले ?

There the readers, the critics come
Into the sea of feeling to dive.
Taking a walk along the shore,
They think that duty of theirs is done.

How to blame, they are not free
To grasp the thing what is the what
Burning are they with various cares
Not body alone but even their heart.

Come my love, let us together
Design a new garden here.
Suffer and toil as need be,
To make the flowers bloom again.

Stopping to weep and smiling a moment
We will grow the fruits of happiness
We will surprise and open the eyes.
Of those who little appreciate us.

If, in the world some are as us
For ages, in their heart of hearts
Like the memory of real love chart,
Will it not ever shine, my dear ?

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प्रिये, जितः छं तःमि जु धैला?

७५ कौला थो ५ पर्विमदः

(‘नेपाल’ ४।६)

मयो थ्व जगते तःमि जि ज्वीगु,
क्वत्यला ज्वी नं म्हाः मेपिन्त,
‘मदु’ धौगु छता कुबुयां गाःथाय्
धन्दा न्याफा कुबुया ज्वी ला ?

प्रिये, जितः छं तःमि जु धैला ?

Do you ask me to be
wealthy, my dear !

I don't want to be wealthy in this world,

Nor do I like to override others

Instead of hearing just 'nothingness'

Shall I take heavy burden of anxiety ?

Do you ask me to be wealthy, my dear ?

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छगू रोग खः तःमि ज्वीगु नं,
अय्लाःगुलु थें तःमि-पहः भं,
रोगी, अय्लाःगुलु थें ज्वीकाः
गुलि दत उलि भं थःत मछिकाः

प्रिये, जितः छं तःमि जु धौला ?

दत धाय्वं तुं गोछाः नय् ज्यू ?
दय्वं वःवः गोजु पुने ज्यू ?
केवल मेपिनिगु मिखाय् हाकाः
'तःमि व तःमि व' धाय्काज्वी ला ?

'प्रिये, जितः छं तःमि जु धौला ?

खः का मेपिनि न्हथोने छ क्वहयं,
अमि 'भुनु भुनु' नं न्यन्यमाः ज्वी छं,
अज्ज ज्वेप्युय्ँ स्वः ज्वी छन्त,
उकिं छ नं अमि जो ज्वी यल ला ?

प्रिये, जितः छं तःमि गु धौला ?

ख जा जितः नं खर्च लिमलाः,
छमो निमो दामं हे खत्ता,
अय्नं उगु सुख दुख सहयाय्गु
यानव-जीवन धौगु व हे ला,

प्रिये, जितः छं तःमि जु धौला ?

Being wealthy is also a disease,
 Wealthiness is just as drunkenness
 The more we have, we're more uneasily
 As in the case of the sick, drunkard.

Do you ask me to be wealthy, my dear ?

How many times a wealthy man can eat ?
 And how many layers he can clothe ?
 Why to be others' eyesore and wander
 Being called "Wealthy he is" ?

Do you ask me to be wealthy, my dear ?

You are humble amidst them, of course.
 You may have to hear their whispering too,
 Besides, they may be seeing askance at you,
 Hence do you like to be their equal ?

Do you ask me to be wealthy, my dear ? P

Of course, I can't meet my expenses;
 Even a rupee or two is wanting for me;
 And still, to bear weal and woe--
 Is what is human life. A
G
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Do you ask me to be wealthy, my dear ? A

तःमि तःमिपिं, बःबःलाःपिं
वं लिस्थ नां नं नापं वन रे,
निन्हुया त्येँफुइँ यानाः जगते
जिगु नं अय् हे छं छ्वय् धैला ?
प्रिये, जितः छं तःमि जु धैला ?

न्हापा न्हापायापिं, कविपिं,
कलाकारपिं बा गायकपिं
सु जक जुया वन धा रे तःमि
जि जक अमिगु अःखः ज्वी जी ला ?
प्रिये, जितः छं तःमि जु धैला ?

भारवि ससले सा जः जुल रे,
कालिदासया मेपिनि भर रे,
मधुसूदन सित चीमि जुया हे
सिद्धिदास धनि गबलें जुल ला ?
प्रिये, जितः छं तःमि जु धैला ?

थुकथं जिमि कुल तं तं चीमि,
जि जक गनं ज्वी धा रे तःमि,
“बुद्धवंशया नियम थ्व हे खः”
धाःगु बुद्ध-वाचा लोमन ला ?
प्रिये, जितः छं तःमि जु धैला ?

The rich and wealthy, strong and healthy
Have gone bragging for two days in this world
Their names following them.

Do you want me too to go that way ?

Do you ask me to be wealthy, my dear ?

Of ancient masters
Of poetry, art and music,
Tell which one was wealthy ever.
How can I alone be otherwise ?

Do you ask me to be wealthy, my dear ?

Bharavi tended father-in-law's cattle,
Kalidass was just a dependant.
Madhusoodan died a mere pauper,
Did Siddhidass ever become rich ?

Do you ask me to be wealthy, my dear ? P

Thus my lineage is poor for generations; A
How I alone can be wealthy, say G
Did you forget the Buddha's saying O
"This is the rule of Bhuddha's line" D

Do you ask me to be wealthy, my dear ? A

फि-सः

७६ सिल्ला गाः १३

(‘धर्मोदय’ ९।७ अंक)

फवन्यमखु फवन्यमखु स्त्रीकेँ फवन्यमखु
 ‘ध्व जितः ब्यु’ धका जिं जगते,
 ब्यूसा गबलेँ याय्मखु हेला
 यग्गु ब्यु, यक्व ब्यु अमि यत्थे !

अधम चातकं फवं ज्वीवं तुं
 जिं फवं ज्वीमखु धनयाके,
 मि हे ल्हया ब्यूसां सूर्यं नं
 फइमखु अप्पो जुल धाय्के।

Sands

No, I will beg of none,
And ask not "Give me" in this world.
I'll not refuse if they give sometimes
Whatever and whichever they like.

If the mean chatak goes on begging
I will not do so of the cloud.
Even if the Sun draws out the fire and gives me,
I will not say "It is much".

खःका मफु जि बुँगाः द्दिति थें
 प्यासीतय् प्याय्चाः लंके,
 चलातय्गु मन क्षणभर जूसां
 मफु ला जिं लय्लय्ताय्के !

‘हे ईश्वर, छं मुक्ति व्यु’ धाः थें
 प्वं ला बुद्धं निर्वाण ?
 विपश्चि आदिक आज्जुपिसं थें
 ल्वीकल वं ‘मध्यम यान’ ।

हिमालयं छुं मप्वं बिया च्वन
 ‘अचल’ धका थः नाइंके,
 जिं जक छु धका प्वंज्वी हानं
 थःपिनि कुलया नां वंके !

थुकी फयाः जि रविया ताप
 भंके मबिया जगयात,
 शशिया शीतलता नं जि हे
 कयाः चिकुं मपुका अमित ।

शीत ताप थुकथं सह यानाः
 अमिगु दुःख गुलि फयाः च्वना,
 अय्नुं अमिसं जितः मथूसा
 वं ज्वी मखु जिं प्वनाः प्वनाः !

Of course, I cannot quench thirst of the thirsty
As the springs and water taps do.
But am I not able to please deer's heart
Though just for a moment ?

Unlike they prayed "O God, grant me salvation"
Did Buddha ever ask for Nirvana ?
Just as his predecessors, Vipaswi and others,
He also discovered the middle way.

The Himalayas give but never beg
To be renowned as well established.
Why should I then go a-begging
Only to denounce my family ?

Receiving heat of the sun on me,
I didn't allow the world to be burnt
Taking to myself the coldness of the moon,
I didn't let them to be chilled.

Having cold and heat in this way
I am bearing their woe so much;
Yet, if they don't understand me,
I am not telling them without being asked.

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कतां व कलाकार

७६ सिल्लागाः ३०

छ व जि व पासा मदुसा जगते
छु तिसां ती थें मनूतसें !
अयून्नं भी निम्हस्यां मदु मान
मनुखं ज्या याय् ससेंनिसें !

भीपिं निम्हस्या कुतःयागु फल
व तिसा दय्कं नं अमिके
भीपिं निम्हस्या प्रेम-मिलनया
चिं खः व धका मफु सीके !

Chisel and Artist

If you and I as friends, did not exist, in the world
What ornaments the people would wear !
Yet, both of us get no regard
Since the man did learn to labour.

Though they have ornaments with them
The products of our labour joint,
They know not that there, the results
Of our joint efforts of love.

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‘तिक तिक’ जिं उलि मुगः मवाःसा
आकार तिसां गय् काइ ?
हानं छं बां उकी मतःसा
व तिसा उलि गय् बांलाइ ?

अज्यागु भी निम्हस्या ज्यां जाःगु
तिसां तिया च्वन नं अमिसं,
भीत म्हसीके गय् थें मफुगु,
थ्वीका बीमफु बा भीसं !

कतां, कलाया परिभाषा नं
जिं ला सीके मफु छुं हे,
सीदत हँ मुगः-ताः वा कतां-बां,
मजुल हँ स्वाभाविक भ्याः हे ।

लुँ-पाय् घय्पुनाः रत्न मज्जंसे
छाय् माःगु तिसा अमि दय्के ?
कू-बां सीदुगु अमित मयोसा
लखे फुसा ज्यू वा सय्के !

कला कला खः, कलाकार भी
भीसं गय् खं अय् याय् नुँ,
न्हिसेंलि थूपिं, ख्वय्ब्यु मथूपिं
कतां, छ ‘तिक तिक’ न्हयाना नुँ !

If I would not hammer-tick, tick,
How could ornaments take shape ?
And if you won't make patterus
How would they look so pretty ?

Though they wear the ornaments
Bearing our labour joint
How 'tis that we aren't recognised ?
Or, have we failed to make them realise ?

Chisel, I fail to follow
The definition of art,
They say, "Hammer and Chisel marks are visible,
And hence it is not at all natural".

Then why not grasp gems and lumps of gold ?
Why do they have to make ornaments ?
If they don't like hoe-marks in fields,
Let them grow rice in water, if they can.

(Art is art, and artists we are.
Let us do as our conscience guides.)
If those who know smile, let ignorants weep.
Chisel, you move on with ticks !

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गंगु सिमाया झंगः

७६ फागुपुन्ही

गंगु सिमा जिगु भिभाइंगु
स्वां जक मखु हः हे मदुगु,
भंगः जक छाया थ्व सिमाय् वइगु,
की-को नं हाः सः मदुगु ।

हुकन खंला वाउँ-सिमाचाय्,
स्वां जक मखु सि सया च्वंगु,
सिमाकचाय् नं जोजो भंगः
त्वाः त्वाः त्वाकाः लयूताःगु ।

न्हापा न्हापा थ्व सिमाया नं
ज्यू भिगु इले फुक ज्वी थः,
आःलां लँ छको मदाः सुयां हे
हुंगु सिमाय् लां दिनिदिनि थ्वः

अःखः कंखः सकतां हे दुगु
बांलाःसां ग्यां'पुगु जगते
थःत मजीवं गःपः तःपुक
जि जक छुचाः हालां मफते ।

म्हाल म्हाल आः हाः-ख्वः ज्वी नं
थ्व सिमा जिगु खः गंगु थजु,
थुकी गनाः जिमि मां बौ निम्हं
थ्व हे जुयाः थौं क्यंगु थजु ।

The Bird on a Dry Tree

A dead tree ! am dry, bare and bleak;
Lack I not only flowers but leaves as well.
Not to speak of birds which do not visit me,
Even the insects do not come to make noise.

Look, yonder at that green tree,
Laden with blossoms as well as fruits,
Perching on the branches are pairs of birds
Being happy with beaks joining.

In times when the days were good,
All were near and dear to me;
Now none comes even by mistake
But yonder tree resounds life.

In this pretty dangerous world
Full of every opposite
It is no use to cry alone
To higher pitch because of my plight.

Enough, I will grieve no more.
Though dry and bare this is the tree, my own.
May be it is representing for
Both my parents, scorched and gone !

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फसं

७६ चउला थो ४ चान्हे

कस्ति काय्काः भंबः ज्वीवं
भुजिं, छ कस्ती दुं ज्वी ला ?
रविया ल्हातं थ्रीवं पल्यस्वां
न्हिल्यवं पति, छ मते ज्वीला ?

Air Speaks

If the bee is flying overdrunk with honey
 O, fly ! should you drown yourself in it ?
 If the lotus smiles at the touch of sun
 O, mosquito, should you dash into the lamp ?

शिवथा सलिले बि तिसा त्वय्वं
 व्यांचां बि लित्नां भिं ज्वी ला ?
 मसिं तिनाः भोँ 'यो-पौ' ज्वीवं
 मनुखं अजलं खाः सिलि ला ?

थःगु स्वभाव छु, सीकाः सवतां
 ज्या याय् माःगु उकिं त्वःगु,
 व्वस्यः स्वलाः फःतानाः माकः
 खंला अनसं गय् सीगु ?

ग्वंगः, छं सुथ ज्वीवं थंजु,
 मंगः, छं भति मङ्गल पु,
 त्वाःया रक्षाय् खिचा, छ पाः च्वँ,
 मनू, छ सकस्यां नायः जु ।

स्वभाव जिगु नं खँ कना ज्वीगु,
 उकिं थ्व जगते जुया हिलाः,
 थुकथं खःगु खँ कना जुया नं
 जितः छु 'फय्'-गं धाय् दइला ?

थय् छिमि मयेक मजुसे न्हैसा
 गति हे सुंक दिना बीला ?
 लिपते हालां छुचाः मलाकाः
 'प्राण' मदय्वं सी सिल ला ?

If the serpent adorns the Lord Shiva
Will it be good for a frog to side with a serpent ?
If a paper becomes a love-letter with ink,
Should a man smear his face with soot ?

Know your nature fully well,
And accordingly do your duty;
Remember how the monkey was killed
Who wedged the cleavage copying the hewer.

Arouse all in the morn O cock !
You bird, sing a sweet anthem.
Guard O dog the quarter.
And man, you lead the world.

It is my duty to broadcast news;
Hence, I ramble round the world.
When I spread true facts in news-reel,
How can I be called a buffoon ?

Without moving to your displeasure as such,
Should I put a dead stop to my action ?
It is no use to repent too late;
When vitality is potent, it is death, you, mark !

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२०१३ बैशाख २० गते

(‘धर्मोदय’ ९।१० अंक)

महेन्द्र जुजुया लाय्कू दुन्य हे
छगः जि देगः ख्वया च्वना,
मखं सुनानं, मकं सुयातं
जिगु थ्व अवस्था खनिगु सुनां !

Pagoda

In this court-yard of King Mahendra's Palace
 A wailing Pagoda am here,
 Behind the screen, and untold:
 This plight of mine who'll care ?

उख्यसं कःसि-धुकू लायकूया
थुख्यसं तःजाः दिगूतले,
क्वय्सं च्वंगु व चुके च्वना नं
सकलें न्हय् थें मखं न्हिले ।

जिगु नं अबले जन्म जूगु खः
गबले नेपाः न्याक्क थथ्याः,
संगीत व साहित्य जक मखु
वास्तु-कला भं दिनिदिनि च्याः ।

तप्पाः ख्वाःपिं देगःतय्सं
छाय्पा च्वन जिगिजिगि धाय्क,
वसः तिसा गन ल्हाःतुति कुतिवः
करुणा नं गय् वइ थ्यंकः !

उकिं मखा जुजु लूगु दिने नं
मेपिनि न्हयोने ल्वी मफुगु,
देळिं लय्तां मुसुमुसु काःसां
ध्याक्वय् जि च्वनाः ख्वय् साःगु ।

थः थः भाषां 'रैडियो' द्वारा
'जुजुया जय' नं धाय् मदु थें
देया न्हाय् हे देगः खःसां
मदय्क च्यूताः फुइगु अथें !

—:❀:—

There the royal treasury balcony lies, presides
Here high royal worship temple
Standing on the courtyard here
No merriment in me abides.

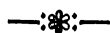
I saw the light in those very days
When Nepal's pride was in topmost height
Art and music flourished then,
And architecture shone too bright).

Magnum Pagodas in grandeur
Display their decoration fair
What of dresses where limbs do fall
Speak not of Pity here !

Even on king's coronation day,
I couldn't appear to peep;
When all the country is full of mirth,
In dirty nook I weep.

As Radio can't sing in every tongue
The praise of their own king,
So a Pagoda, pride of state
Is perishing here as non-being.

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Hints

YoYo—known as **cha-li** in Nepal Bhasha, is a spherical top attached to the indexfinger by a cord looped round its grooved middle. It slides up and down the cord and by skilful jerks the toy does odd tricks and takes various positions. This is a very popular pastime among the Nepalese boys. --(Page 17)

To the Chyampati in a cockpit—**Chyampati** is the seed of “**Amali**” a sour fruit grown on a particular kind of wild tree--**Spondias acuminata**. The fruit is mainly used as a sauce both in its fresh and dried form. The seed, hard and dry, is not edible and is put to no other known use in Nepal. Children in the Nepal valley are however very much fond of a game which consists of rotating two or more **chyampatis** simultaneously on a smooth slab of stone, concave in form to form a slight depression with gentle slope all around. The **chyampati**, whetted at bottom, are set in rotation by two or more competing children. In the centre of the depression they start colliding with one another sometimes with their own momentum and sometimes at the goading of the thumb of the children, keep on getting the **chyampatis** into forceful collision. Each of the playing boys backs **chyampati** he has set in motion and the game is decided in favour of the boy who has his **chyampati** still rotating on the stone pit. --(Page 27)

Situ and Sinhayswan--**Situ (cynodon dactylon)** is a particular kind of grass which is grown throughout the year. Its significance lies in the fact that it is used by the Nepalese while worshipping their deities such as Ganesha, the Hindu god of success. It must not be omitted on many occasions such as Bhratri Pooja (when a brother is worshipped by his sister), Nag Panchami (when serpents are worshipped) as well as Narayana Pooja,

Sinhayswan (Buddleia asiatica) also holds a very high position among the objects presented to the deities. Importance however, does lie in its prettiness or any other specially desirable quantity of its own. It is as an evergreen bush having longish and slightly velvety leaves, which to some extent, resemble the jerusalem sage. Even during the season when all other flowers are not available it grows wildy at every place in the valley. Hence it provides the only "flowers" for worshipping the deities during the season. It is also heard that **Sinhayswan** is one of the most favourite flowers of Pashupatinath the patron god of Nepal.

--(**Page 31**)



Chittadhar 'Hridaya's Works

Poetical Works-

Padyanikunja

Hridayakusum

Vabhruvahan

Gautama Buddha

Hridaya-Katha

Antardhwani

Nhoogu Swan

Yakamiya Cha

Manjushriyata

Degah

Reminiscences of China

Tho Nan Jimi Oyita

Some Songs

History of the Nepal Bhasha

literature-

Jheegu Sahitya

Nepalese Music-

Nepal Music (English)

Collections-

Antyakshari

Nepal Bhasha Sahityaya

Jatah.

Translatoin-

Three Sutras.

Religion-

Buddha Vachanamrita Wa

Nepalaya Boudha Dristi

Epics-

Sugat Saurava

Travels-

Maha-Chine Nepal Sanskriti

Story-

Khupu Bakhancha

Thayabhu

Mimana Pou

Dairy

Culture-

Nepal Sanskriti

Chilldren's literature-

Jheemacha (Alphabet)

Jheemacha II

Including an one-act play-

Hwanaga

Language-

Nepal Bhasha Gay Chwegu ?

चित्तधर “हृदय” जुया

काव्य—

पद्य निकुञ्ज
हृदय—कुसुम
वध्रुबाहन
गौतम—बुद्ध
हृदय—कथा
अन्तरध्वनि
नृगु स्वां
याकःमिया चा
मञ्जुश्रीयात ‘नेपाल’ या बुखँ
देगः (अंग्रेजी नं दुगु)
चीन लुमनाः (“ ”)
ध्व नं जिमि वैत
छुं मे

महाकाव्य—

सुगत—सौरभ

बाखं—

खुपु बाखं चा
थायभु
मिमनः पौ
डायरी

बाल साहित्य—

की मचा (वर्णमाला)
की मचा (निगूगु)

एकांकी सहित—

ह्वनागा

भाषा सम्बन्धी—

नेपाल भाषा गय् च्वय्गु ?

साहित्यया इतिहास सम्बन्धी—

कीगु साहित्य

नेपाल संगीत विषये—

नेपाल—संगीत (अंग्रेजी)

संकलन—

अंत्याक्षरी

नेपाल भाषा साहित्यया जातः

अनुदित—

स्वपु सूत्र

धार्मिक—

बुद्ध वचनामृत व नेपालया बौद्ध दृष्टि

यात्रा सम्बन्धी—

महाचीने नेपाल—संस्कृति

संस्कृति विषये—

नेपाल संस्कृति



देगःया लुखाय्

थागु थाय्:- श्री सरस्वती मुद्रणालय
१२/८६४ ठहिटी, क्वाबाहा, येँ